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In my mind it is clear, a truth within, I hold the key; Through the fields of joy, at times of pain, I am fury.

Nurture the food of my disgust, their pain will easy my victory;

Before despondent, insecure, now focused on reality. My soul can shape the mould of time, I am a chosen entity;

Defy the gaping wounds that cry: Fury is now becoming me.

Tired of reading lies, stretched wretched whore, Soul searching plea.

Lies nurture my discontent, sick of the same cursing voice. I will spit on your graves.

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